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HYMNS

FOR THE
USE OF THE CONGREGATION
OF THE
SERVITE FATHERS.



FREDERICK BELL, PRINTER, KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA.

1870.



1. The Eternal Father.

- 1 MY God, how wonderful thou art !
Thy Majesty how bright !
How beautiful thy Mercy-Seat
In depths of burning light !
- 2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord !
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored !
- 3 How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of thee must be,
Thy endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !
- 4 O, how I fear thee, living God !
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.
- 5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord !
Almighty as thou art ;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 6 No earthly father loves like thee ;
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me thy sinful child.
- 7 Only to sit and think of God,
O what a joy it is !

To think the thought, to breathe the name,
Earth has no higher bliss !

8 Father of Jesus, love's Reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on thee !

2. The Holy Name of Jesus.

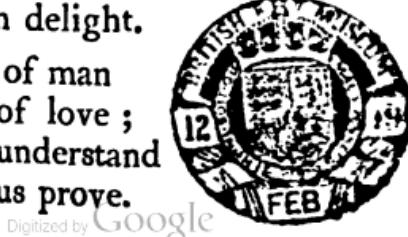
1 JESUS, the only thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far it is to see,
And on thy beauty feast.

2 No sound, no harmony so gay,
Can art or music frame ;
No thoughts can reach, no words can say,
The sweets of thy blest name.

3 Jesus, our hope, when we repent,
Sweet source of all thy grace ;
Sole comfort in our banishment,
O ! what when face to face ?

4 Jesus ! that name inspires my mind
With springs of life and light ;
More than I ask in thee I find,
And languish with delight.

5 No art or eloquence of man
Can tell the joys of love ;
Only the saints can understand
What they in Jesus prove.



6 Thee, then, I'll seek retir'd apart,
 From world and business free ;
 When these shall knock, I'll shut my heart,
 And keep it all for thee.

7 Before the morning light I'll come,
 With Magdalen, to find,
 In sighs and tears, my Jesu's tomb,
 And there refresh my mind.

8 My tears upon his grave shall flow,
 My sighs the garden fill ;
 Then at his feet myself I'll throw,
 And there I'll seek his will.

9 Jesus, in thy bless'd steps I'll tread ;
 And walk in all thy ways ;
 I'll never cease to weep and plead,
 Till I'm restored to grace.

3. Jesus, my God and my All.

1 O JESUS, Jesus ! dearest Lord !
 Forgive me if I say
 For very love Thy sacred Name
 A thousand times a day.

2 I love thee so I know not how
 My transports to control ;
 Thy love is like a burning fire
 Within my very soul.

3 O wonderful ! that thou shouldst let
 So vile a heart as mine

Love thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with Thine.

4 For Thou to me art all in all,
My honour and my wealth,
My heart's desire, my body's strength,
My soul's eternal health.

5 What limit is there to thee, love ?
Thy flight where wilt thou stay ?
On ! On ! our Lord is sweeter far
To-day than yesterday.

6 O love of Jesus ! blessed love !
So will it ever be ;
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,
No, nor eternity !

4. The Infant Jesus.

1 DEAR Little One ! how sweet thou art,
Thine eyes how bright they shine,
So bright, they almost seem to speak
When Mary's look meets thine !

2 How faint and feeble is thy cry,
Like plaint of harmless dove,
When thou dost murmur in thy sleep
Of sorrow and of love !

3 When Mary bids thee sleep thou sleep'st
Thou wakest when she calls ;
Thou art content upon her lap,
Or in the rugged stalls.

4 Simplest of Babes ! with what a grace
 Thou dost thy mother's will !
 Thine infant fashions well betray
 The Godhead's hidden skill.

5 When Joseph takes thee in his arms,
 And smooths thy little cheek,
 Thou lookest up into his face
 So helpless and so meek.

6 Yes ! thou art what thou seem'st to be,
 A thing of smiles and tears ;
 Yet thou art God, and heaven and earth
 Adore thee with their fears.

7 Yes ! dearest babe ! those tiny hands,
 That play with Mary's hair,
 The weight of all the mighty world
 This very moment bear.

8 Art thou, weak babe, my very God ?
 O, I must love thee then,
 Love thee, and yearn to spread thy love
 Among forgetful men.

5. To the Infant Jesus.

1 SEE ? amid the winter's snow,
 Born for us one arth below—
 See ! the tender Lamb appears,
 Promis'd from eternal years !

Hail ! thou ever-blessed morn !
 Hail ! redemption's happy dawn !
 Sing through all Jerusalem,
 Sing the Babe of Bethlehem.

- 2 Lo ! within a manger lies
 He who built the starry skies,
 He who, throned in height sublime,
 Sits amid the cherubim.
- 3 "Say, ye holy shepherds, say
 What your joyful news to-day ?
 Wherefore have ye left your sheep
 On the lonely mountain steep ?"
- 4 "As we watch'd at dead of night,
 Lo ! we saw a wondrous light ;
 Angels singing 'Peace on earth,'
 Told us of the Saviour's birth."
- 5 Sacred Infant, all divine,
 What a tender love was thine,
 Thus to come from highest bliss,
 Down to such a world as this.
- 6 Teach, oh teach us, Holy Child,
 By thy face so meek and mild ;
 Teach us to resemble thee,
 In thy sweet humility.
- 7 Virgin Mother, Mary blest !
 By the joys that fill thy breast,
 Pray for us, that we may prove
 Worthy of thy Saviour's love.

6. The Purification.

- 1 JOY ! joy ! the Mother comes,
And in her arms she brings
The Light of all the world,
The Christ, the King of kings ;
And in her heart the while
All silently she sings.
- 2 St. Joseph follows near,
In rapture lost and love,
While angels round about
In glowing circles move,
And o'er the Mother broods
The Everlasting Dove.
- 3 There in the temple court
Old Simeon's heart beats high,
And Anna feeds her soul
With food of prophecy ;
But, see ! the shadows pass,
The world's true Light draws nigh.
- 4 O Infant God ! O Christ !
O Light most beautiful !
Thou comest, Joy of Joys !
All darkness to annul ;
And brightest lights of earth
Beside thy light are dull.
- 5 O Mary ! bear Him quick
Into His temple-gate,
For poor impatient souls
His healing sunrise wait ;

And pay His price, that He
May be emancipate.

6 Then to that Mother now
All rightful worship be !
For thou hast ransomed Him
Who first did ransom thce ;
O, with thy Mother's tongue
Pray Him to ransom me !

7. Lent.

1 NOW, are the days of humblest prayer,
When, consciences to God lie bare,
And mercy most delights to spare.

O, hearken, when we cry,
Chastise us with thy fear ;
Yet, Father ! in the multitude
Of thy compassions, hear !

2 Now is the season, wisely long,
Of sadder thought and graver song,
When ailing souls grow well and strong.

O, hearken, &c.

3 The feast of penance ! O, so bright,
With true conversion's heavenly light,
Like sunrise after stormy night.

O, hearken, &c.

4 O happy time of blessed tears,
Of surer hopes, of chastening fears,
Undoing all our evil years.

O, hearken, &c.

5 We, who have loved the world, must learn,
 Upon that world our backs to turn,
 And with the love of God to burn.
 O, hearken, &c.

8. Jesus Crucified.

- 1 O, come and mourn with me awhile ;
 See, Mary calls us to her side ;
 O, come and let us mourn with her :
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified !
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
 While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
 Ah, look how patiently He hangs :
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified !
- 3 What was thy crime, my dearest Lord ?
 By earth, by heaven, thou hast been tried,
 And guilty found of too much love :
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified !
- 4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine !
 Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
 His Pilate and His Judas were :
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified !
- 5 Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
 And let the Blood from out that Side
 Fall gently on thee drop by drop :
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

6 O Love of God ! O sin of man !
 In this dread act your strength is tried ;
 And victory remains with love,
 For He, our Love, is crucified !

9. The Precious Blood.

(From the Italian)

1 HAIL, Jesus ! hail, who for my sake
 Sweet Blood from Mary's veins didst take,
 And shed it all for me ;
 O, blessed be my Saviour's Blood,
 My life, my light, my only good,
 To all eternity.

2 To endless ages let us praise
 The Precious Blood, whose price could raise
 The world from wrath and sin ;
 Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
 And heal the sinner's worst disease,
 If he but bathe therein.

3 O sweetest Blood, that can implore
 Pardon of God, and heaven restore,
 The heaven which sin had lost :
 While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
 What Jesus shed still intercedes
 For those who wrong Him most.

4 O, to be sprinkled from the wells
 Of Christ's own Sacred Blood, excels
 Earth's best and highest bliss :

The ministers of wrath divine
 Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
 With those red drops of His !

5 Ah ! there is joy amid the Saints,
 And hell's despairing courage faints
 When this sweet song we raise :
 O, louder then, and louder still,
 Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
 The Precious Blood to praise !

To all the faithful who say or sing the above hymn
 Pius VII. grants an indulgence of 100 days ; applicable also
 to the souls in purgatory.

10. Litany of the Passion of Jesus.

1 BY the blood that flow'd from thee
 On thy bitter agony :
 By the scourge so meekly borne :
 By thy purple robe of scorn.—
 Jesu, Saviour, hear my cry ;
 Thou wert suffering once as we !
 Hear the loving Litany
 We, thy children, sing to thee.

2 By the thorns that crown'd thy head :
 By thy sceptre of a reed :
 Weigh'd beneath thy cross of woe :—
 Jesu, Saviour, &c.

8 By the nails and pointed spear :
 By the people's cruel fear :

By thy dying prayer which rose
 Begging mercy for thy foes :—
 Jesu, Saviour, &c.

4 By the darkness thick as night,
 Blotting out the sun from sight :
 By the cry with which in death
 Thou didst yield thy parting breath :—
 Jesu, Saviour, &c.

5 By thy weeping mother's woe :
 By the sword that pierced her through :
 When, in anguish standing by,
 On the cross she saw thee die :—
 Jesu, Saviour, &c.

11, **We come to Thee, Sweet
 Saviour.**

1 WE come to thee, sweet Saviour !
 Just because we need thee so :
 None need thee more than we do—
 Nor are half so vile or low.
 O bountiful salvation !
 O life eternal won !
 O plentiful redemption !
 O Blood of Mary's Son !

2 We come to thee, sweet Saviour,
 None will have us, Lord, but thee !
 And we want none but Jesus,
 And his grace that makes us free.

O bountiful salvation !
 O life eternal won !
 O plentiful redemption !
 O Blood of Mary's Son !

3 We come to thee, sweet Saviour !
 With our broken faith again :
 We know thou wilt forgive us,
 Nor upbraid us, nor complain.
 O bountiful salvation !
 O life eternal won !
 O plentiful redemption !
 O Blood of Mary's Son !

4 We come to thee, sweet Saviour !
 For to whom, Lord, can we go ?
 The words of life eternal
 From thy lips for ever flow.
 O bountiful salvation !
 O life eternal won !
 O plentiful redemption !
 O Blood of Mary's Son !

5 We come to thee, sweet Saviour !
 We have tried thee oft before ;
 But now we come more wholly,
 With the heart to love thee more.
 O bountiful salvation !
 O life eternal won !
 O plentiful redemption !
 O Blood of Mary's Son !

6 We come to thee, sweet Saviour !

And thou wilt not ask us why :

We cannot live without thee,

And still less without thee die.

O bountiful salvation !

O life eternal won !

O plentiful redemption !

O Blood of Mary's Son !

12. Jesus Risen.

1 ALL hail ! dear Conqueror ! all hail !

O, what a victory is thine !

How beautiful thy strength appears ;

Thy crimson wounds how bright they shine !

2 Thou camest at the dawn of day ;

Armies of souls around thee were,

Blest spirits thronging to adore

Thy flesh, so marvellous, so fair.

3 The everlasting Godhead lay

Shrouded within those Limbs Divine,

Nor left untenanted one hour

That Sacred Human Heart of thine.

4 They worshipped thee, those ransomed souls,

With the fresh strength of love set free ;

They worshipped joyously, and thought

Of Mary while they looked on thee.

5 They worshipped, while the beauteous Soul
 Paused by the Body's wounded Side :—
 Bright flashed the cave—before them stood
 The Living Jesus glorified.

6 Down, down, all lofty things on earth,
 And worship Him with joyous dread !
 O sin ! thou art undone by love !
 O Death ! thou art discomfited !

13. The Ascension.

1 WHY is thy face so lit with smiles,
 Mother of Jesus ! why ?
 And wherefore is thy beaming look
 So fixed upon the sky ?

2 From out thine overflowing eyes
 Bright lights of gladness part,
 As though some gushing fount of joy
 Had broken in thy heart.

3 Mother ! how canst thou smile to-day ;
 How can thine eyes be bright,
 When He, thy Life, thy Love, thy All,
 Hath vanished from thy sight ?

4 His rising form on Olivet
 A summer's shadow cast ;
 The branches of the hoary trees
 Drooped, as the shadow passed,

5 And as He rose with all His train
 Of righteous souls around ;
 His blessing fell into thine heart,
 Like dew into the ground.

6 Yes ! He hath left thee, mother dear ;
 His throne is far above ;
 How canst thou be so full of joy,
 When thou hast lost thy Love ?

7 Why do not thy sweet hands detain
 His feet upon their way ?
 Oh, why dōth not the Mother speak !
 And bid her Son to stay ?

8 Ah no ! thy love is rightful love,
 From all self-seeking free ;
 The change that is such gain to Him,
 Can be no loss to thee !

14. Pentecost.

1 O mighty Mother ! why that light
 In thine uplifted eye ?
 Why that resplendent look of more
 Than queen-like majesty ?

2 She sat ; beneath her shadow were
 The chosen of her Son !
 Within each heart and on each face,
 Her power and spirit shone.

3 Queen of the Church ! around thee shines
 The purest light of heaven ;
 And all created things to thee
 For thy domain are given !

4 Why waitest thou then, so abashed,
 Wrapt in exstatic fear,
 Speechless with adoration, hushed—
 Hushed as though God were near ?

5 She is a creature ! see ! she bows,
 She trembles though so great ;—
 Created Majesty o'erwhelmed
 Before the Increase !

6 He comes ! He comes ! that mighty breath
 From heaven's eternal shores ;
 His uncreated freshness fills
 His bride as she adores.

7 One moment—and the Spirit hung
 O'er her with dread desire ;
 Then broke upon the heads of all
 In cloven tongues of fire.

8 Who knows in what a sea of love
 Our Lady's heart he drowned ?
 On what new gifts He gave her then
 What ancient gifts He crowned ?

9 What gifts He gave those chosen men
 Past ages can display ;
 Nay, more, their vigour still inspires
 The weakness of to-day.

10 O let us fall and worship Him,
 The love of Sire and Son ;
 The consubstantial breath of God,
 The Co-Eternal One.

15. **Corpus Christi.**

1 JESUS ! my Lord, my God, my all !
 How can I love thee as I ought ?
 And how revere this wondrous gift,
 So far surpassing hope or thought ?
 Sweet Sacrament ! we thee adore !
 O make us love thee more and more !

2 Had I but Mary's sinless heart
 To love thee with, my dearest King,
 O, with what bursts of fervent praise
 Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing !
 Sweet Sacrament ! we thee adore !
 O, make us love thee more and more !

3 O, see ! within a creature's hand
 The vast Creator deigns to be,
 Reposing, infant-like, as though
 On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.
 Sweet Sacrament ! we thee adore !
 O, make us love thee more and more !

4 Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all !
 O mystery of love divine !

I cannot compass all I have,
 For all thou hast and art are mine !
 Sweet Sacrament ! we thee adore !
 O, make us love thee more and more !

5 Sound, sound His praises higher still,
 And come, ye angels, to our aid,
 'Tis God ! 'Tis God ! the very God,
 Whose power both man and angels made !
 Sweet Sacrament ! we thee adore !
 O, make us love thee more and more !

16. To our Blessed Lady.

- 1 MOTHER of Mercy ! day by day
 My love of thee grows more and more ;
 Thy gifts are strewn upon my way
 Like sands upon the great sea-shore.
- 2 Though poverty and work and woe
 The masters of my life may be,
 When times are worst, who does not know
 Darkness is light with love of thee ?
- 3 But scornful men have coldly said
 Thy love was leading me from God ;
 And yet in this I did but tread
 The very path my Saviour trod.
- 4 They know but little of thy worth
 Who speak these heartless words to me ;
 For what did Jesus love on earth
 One-half so tenderly as thee ?

5 Get me the grace to love thee more ;
 Jesus will give if thou wilt plead ;
 And, Mother ! when life's cares are o'er,
 O, I shall love thee then indeed !

6 Jesus, when His three hours were run,
 Bequeath'd thee from the cross to me ;
 And, O, how can I love thy Son,
 Sweet Mother, if I love not thee ?

17. Auxilium Christianorum.

1 Mother of our Lord and Saviour,
 First in beauty as in power !;
 Glory of the christian nations,
 Ready help in trouble's hour !

2 Though the gates of hell against us
 With profoundest fury rage ;
 Though the ancient foe assault us,
 And his fiercest battle wage.

3 Naught can hurt the pure in spirit,
 Who upon thine aid rely ;
 At thy hand secure of gaining,
 Strength and mercy from on high.

4 Safe beneath thy mighty shelter,
 Though a thousands hosts combine ;
 All must fall or flee before us,
 Scattered by his arm divine.

5 Firm as once on holy Sion,
 David's tower reared its height ;
 With a glorious rampart girded,
 And with glistening armour bright.

6 So th' Almighty's Virgin Mother,
 Stands in strength for ever more ;
 From Satanic hosts defending
 All who her defence implore.

7 Through the everlasting ages,
 Blessed Trinity, to Thee ;
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Praise and endless glory be.

18. The Immaculate Conception.

1 O purest of creatures ! sweet Mother ! sweet
 Maid !
 The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid !
 Dark night hath come down on us, Mother !
 and we
 Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea !

2 Deep night hath come down on this rough-spoken
 world,
 And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled ;
 And the tempest-tossed, Church—all her eyes are
 on thee,
 They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea !

3 The Church doth what God had first taught her
to do ;
He looked o'er the world to find hearts that were
true ;
Through the ages He looked, and he found none
but thee,
And He loved thy clear shining, sweet Star of
the Sea !

4 He gazed on thy soul ; it was spotless and fair ;
For the empire of sin—it had never been there ;
None had e'er owned thee, dear Mother ! but
He,
And He blessed thy clear shining, sweet Star of
the Sea ?

5 Earth gave Him one lodging ; 'twas deep in thy
breast,
And God found a home where the sinner finds
rest ;
His home and His hiding-place, both were in
thee,
He was won by thy shining, sweet Star of the
Sea ;

6 O, blissful and calm was the wonderful rest
That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal
breast ;
For the heaven He left He found heaven in
thee,
And he shone in thy shining, sweet Star of the
Sea !

19. **Immaculate! Immaculate!**

1 O Mother! I could weep for mirth,
 Joy fills my heart so fast;
 My soul to-day is heaven on earth,
 O, could the transport last!
 I think of thee, and what thou art,
 Thy majesty, thy state;
 And I keep singing in my heart,—
 Immaculate! Immaculate!

2 When Jesus looks upon thy face,
 His heart with rapture glows,
 And in the Church, by His sweet grace,
 Thy blessed worship grows,
 I think of thee, &c.

3 The angels answer with their songs,
 Bright choirs in gleaming rows;
 And saints flock round thy feet in throngs,
 And heaven with bliss o'erflows,
 I think of thee, &c.

4 O, I would rather, Mother dear!
 Thou shouldst be what thou art,
 Than sit where thou dost, O, so near
 Unto the Sacred Heart.
 I think of thee, &c.

5 O, I would forfeit all for thee,
 Rather than thou shouldst miss
 One jewel from thy majesty,
 One glory from thy bliss.
 I think of thee, &c.

6 Conceived, conceived Immaculate !
 O, what a joy for thee !
 Conceived, conceived Immaculate !
 O, greater joy for me !
 I think of thee, &c.

7 Immaculate Conception ! far
 Above all graces blest !
 Thou shinest like a royal star
 On God's Eternal Breast !
 I think of thee, &c.

8 God prosper thee, my Mother dear !
 God prosper thee, my Queen ;
 God prosper His own glory here,
 As it hath ever been !
 I think of thee, &c.

20. Our Lady's Presentation.

1 DAY breaks on temple-roofs and towers ;
 The city sleeps, the palms are still ;
 The fairest far of earth's fair flowers
 Mount Sion's sacred hill.

2 O wondrous Babe ! O child of grace !
 The Holy Trinity's delight ;
 Sweetly renewing man's lost race,
 How fair thou art, how bright !

3 Not all the vast angelic choirs
 That worship round the eternal throne,
 With all their love can match the fires
 Of thine own heart alone.

4 Not only was thy heart above
 All heaven and earth could e'er attain,—
 Thou gavest it with so much love,
 'Twas worth as much again.

5 O Maiden most immaculate !
 Make me to choose thy better part ;
 And give my Lord, with love as great,
 An undivided heart.

6 Would that my heart, dear Lord ! were true,
 Royal and undefiled and whole,
 Like hers from whom Thy sweet love took
 The Blood to save my soul.

7 If here our hearts grudge aught to Thee,
 In that bright land beyond the grave,
 We'll worship thee with souls set free,
 And give as Mary gave.

21. Our Lady's Expectation.

1 LIKE the dawning of the morning
 On the mountain's golden heights,
 Like the breaking of the moonbeams
 On the gloom of cloudy nights,
 Like a secret told by angels,
 Getting known upon the earth,
 Is the Mother's Expectation
 Of Messiah's speedy birth !

2 Thou wert happy, blessed Mother !
 With the very bliss of heaven,

Since the angel's salutation
 In thy raptured ear was given ;
 Since the Ave of that midnight,
 When thou wert anointed Queen,
 Like a river overflowing
 Hath the grace within thee been.

3 On the mountains of Judea,
 Like the chariot of the Lord,
 Thou wert lifted in thy spirit
 By the uncreated Word ;
 Gifts and graces flowed upon thee
 In a sweet celestial strife,
 And the growing of thy Burden
 Was the lightening of thy life.

4 And what wonders have been in thee
 All the day and all the night,
 While the Angels fell before thee,
 To adore the Light of Light.
 While the glory of the Father
 Hath been in thee as a home,
 And the sceptre of creation
 Hath been wielded in thy womb.

5 Thou hast waited, Child of David !
 And thy waiting now is o'er !
 Thou hast seen Him, Blessed Mother !
 And wilt see Him evermore !
 O, His Human Face and Features,
 They were passing sweet to see :
 Thou beholdest them this moment ;
 Mother, show them now to me !

22. The Dolours of our Lady.

No. 1.

- 1 GOD of Mercy ! let us run
Where yon fount of sorrows flows ;
Pondering sweetly, one by one,
Jesu's wounds and Mary's woes.
- 2 Ah ! those tears Our Lady shed,
Enough to drown a world of sin ;
Tears that Jesu's sorrow fed,
Peace and pardon well may win !
- 3 His five Wounds a very home
For our prayers and praises prove ;
And our Lady's Woes become
Endless joys in heaven above.
- 4 Jesus, who for us didst die,
All on thee our love we pour ;
And in the Holy Trinity
Worship thee for evermore.

Fom the *Breviary*, " Summae Deus Clementiae"

23. To Our Lady of Sorrows.

- 1 She stood in silence—slowly passed
The hours whose moments dropped in blood ;
Its frown the darkness further cast,
She moved not ; silently she stood.
No human sympathy she sought,
Her help was God, and God alone ;
Not e'en the instinctive respite caught
From heart wrung gesture, sigh or moan.

2 Her silence listened. On the air
 Like death bells tolled that prime decree ;
 Which made th'Eternal victim bear
 Mankind's transgression—let it be.
 Virgin Mother ! most afflicted
 How thy faith and mercies shine !
 How our weakness stand convicted,
 By the light of grace like thine !

3 O gain us patience, gain us love,
 Our own appointed cross to bear ;
 No grief should e'er unwelcome prove,
 Since we with thee its burden share.
 Behold the babe of Bethlehem ! aye !
 The Infant slumber'd on thy breast ;
 And thou who heard'st his earliest cry,
 Must hear His " Consumatum Est."

24. Our Lady's Seven Dolours.

1 Mother of Jesus ! hail to thee,
 Who from the aged prophet's word ;
 Didst hear how soon thy heart must bleed,
 Transfix'd by sorrow's sharpest sword.
 In mem'ry of that bitter woe
 Dear Queen vouchsafe my strength to be,
 That safe beyond this vale of tears
 The joys of Heaven I soon may see.

2 Mother of Jesus ! hail to thee !
 With aching heart and tearful eye,

Compelled by Herod's impious rage

An exile from thy home to fly.

Queen of the saints ! dear exiled Queen,

We too, poor exiles, hope in thee ;

Pray, that by sorrows' fire tried,

Partners in Christ we yet may be.

3 Mother of Jesus ! hail to thee,

Who three days sought thy son in vain ;

In anguish mourning o'er his loss

With bitter sighs, and heartfelt pain.

Oh by those tears get me the grace

To seek thy son, and find him too ;

That son once found, with ardent love,

To worship him my whole life through.

4 Mother of Jesus ! hail to thee

Whose eyes beheld thy Blessed One

By vilest sinners foully scourged :

Thine own, and God's divinest son.

Oh ! by the suffering thou didst share,

Oh ! by thy pity and thy love ;

Shield me from woes my sins deserve,

To me a tender Mother prove.

5 Mother of Jesus ! hail to thee,

Who standing 'neath the fatal tree ;

Weeping beheldst thy own dear son,

Expiring in deadliest agony.

Oh ! by the sword which pierced thy heart,

The grief that rent thy soul in twain ;

Grant me thy love when death draws near,

My sinking courage to sustain.

6 Mother of Jesus ! hail to thee

Receiving from the Cross with tears ;
 Thy lifeless Son, whose sacred Form,
 Disfigured by his wounds appears.
 O ! clasp me, Mother, in thy arms,
 O ! tender Mother keep me thine ;
 And grant me to my dying hour,
 That blessed resting place to share.

7 Mother of Jesus ! hail to thee

Whose tears fell on that silent tomb ;
 Where thou did'st mourn with anguished
 On thy dear son's most cruel doom ; (heart,
 Oh ! by the virtue of thy grief,
 Obtain for us the strength to bear
 Our woes on earth, that after death
 Thy joys in Heaven we all may share.

CHILDREN'S HYMN,

25. To our Lady of Sorrows.

1 Oh Mother most afflicted,
 Standing beneath that tree ;
 Where Jesus hangs rejected,
 On the hill of Calvary.

CHORUS.

Oh ! Mary ! sweetest Mother,
 We love to pity thee ;
 Oh ! for the sake of Jesus,
 Let us thy children be.

2 Thy heart is well nigh breaking,
 Thy Jesus thus to see
 Derided, wounded, dying,
 In greatest agony.

CHORUS—Oh Mary ! sweetest Mother, &c.

3 His livid form is bleeding,
 His soul with sorrow wrung ;
 Whilst thou, afflicted Mother,
 Shar'st the torments of thy Son.

CHORUS—Oh Mary ! sweetest Mother, &c.

4 Oh Mary ! Queen of Martyrs,
 The sword has pierced thy heart ;
 Obtain for us of Jesus
 In thy grief to bear a part.

CHORUS—Oh Mary ! sweetest Mother, &c.

5 Oh dear and loving Mother,
 Entreat that we may be ;
 Near to thee and thy dear Jesus,
 Now and eternally.

CHORUS—Oh Mary ! sweetest Mother, &c.

26. The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.—No. 2.

1 What a sea of tears and sorrow,
 Did the soul of Mary toss
 To and fro upon its billows,

While she wept her bitter loss ;
 In her arms her Jesus holding,
 Torn but newly from the Cross !

2 O that mournful Virgin Mother !
 See her tears how fast they flow
 Down upon his mangled body,
 Wounded side, and thorny brow,
 While his hands and feet she kisses,
 Picture of immortal woe !

3 Oft and oft his arms and bosom
 Fondly straining to her own ;
 Oft her pallid lips imprinting
 On each wound of her dear Son ;
 Till at last, in swoons of anguish,
 Sense and consciousness are gone.

4 Gentle Mother, we beseech thee
 By thy tears and trouble sore ;
 By the death of thy dear offspring ;
 By the bloody wounds He bore ;
 Touch our hearts with that true sorrow
 Which afflicted thee of-yore.

5 To the Father everlasting,
 And the son who reigns on high,
 With the Co-Eternal Spirit,
 Trinity in Unity,
 Be salvation, honour, blessing,
 Now and through Eternity.

(From the *Breviary*, "O quat undis lacrymarum")

27 The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

- 1 Come darkness, spread o'er heav'n thy pall,
And hide, O sun, thy face ;
While we that bitter death recall,
With all its dire disgrace.
- 2 And thou, with tearful cheek, wast there ;
But with a heart of steel,
Mary, thou didst His moanings hear,
And all His torments feel.
- 3 He hung before thee crucified ;
His flesh with scourgings rent,
His bloody gashes gaping wide
His strength and spirit spent.
- 4 Thou His dishonoured countenance
And racking thirst didst see ;
By turns the gall, the sponge, the lance,
Were agony to thee
- 5 Yet still erect in Majesty
Thou didst the sight sustain ;
O more than Martyr ! not to die
Amid such cruel pain !
- 6 Praise to the blessed Three in One ;
O may that strength be mine,
Which sorrowing o'er her only son,
Did in the Virgin shine.

(From the *Breviary*, "Jam toto subitus vesper eat polo.")

28. **Rose of the Cross.**

- 1 Rose of the Cross, thou Mystic Flower,
I lift my soul to thee ;
In every melancholy hour
Mary, remember me.
- 2 A wanderer here through many a wild,
Where few their way can see ;
Send down thy fragrance on thy child,
Mary, remember me.
- 3 Let me but stand where thou hast stood,
Beside the crimson tree ;
And by the water and the blood,
Mary, remember me.
- 4 There let me wash my sinful soul,
And be from sin set free ;
Drawn by thy love, by grace made whole,
Mary, remember me.
- 5 Rose of the Cross, thou thornless flower,
May I thy follower be ;
And when temptations wildest prove
Mary, remember me.

29. **The Assumption.**

- 1 Sing, sing ye Angel bands,
All beautiful and bright ;
For higher still, and higher,
Through fields of starry light
Mary your Queen ascends
Like the sweet moon at night.

2 A fairer flower than she
 On earth hath never been ;
 And, save the Throne of God,
 Your heavens have never seen
 A wonder half so bright
 As your ascending Queen.

3 O happy Angels ! look,
 How beautiful she is !
 See ! Jesus bears her up,
 Her hand is locked in His ;
 O, who can tell the height
 Of that fair Mother's bliss.

4 And shall I lose thee then,
 Lose my sweet right to thee ?
 Ah, no ! the Angel's Queen
 Man's mother still will be ;
 And thou upon thy throne,
 Wilt keep thy love for me.

5 On, then, dear Pageant, on !
 Sweet music breathes around ;
 And love, like dew, distils
 On hearts in rapture bound ,
 The Queen of heaven goes up
 To be proclaimed and crowned !

6 On ! through the countless stars
 Proceeds the bright array ;
 And love divine comes forth
 To light her on her way,
 Through the short gloom of night
 Into celestial day.

7 Hark ! hark ! through highest heaven
 What sounds of mystic mirth !
 Mary, by God proclaimed
 Queen of Immaculate Birth,
 And diademed with stars,
 The lowliest of the earth !

8 See ! see ! the Eternal Hands
 Put on her radiant crown,
 And the Sweet Majesty
 Of Mercy sitteth down,
 For ever and for ever
 On her predestined throne.

30. To our Blessed Lady.

Star of the Sea.

1 Hail, Queen of Heaven, the Ocean Star,
 Guide of the wanderer here below,
 Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care,
 Save us from peril and from woe.
 Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea.
 Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

2 O gentle, chaste, and spotless Maid,
 We sinners make our prayers through thee ;
 Remind thy Son that He has paid
 The price of our iniquity.
 Virgin most pure, Star of the Sea.
 Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

3 Sojourners in this vale of tears,
 To thee, blest Advocate, we cry ;
 Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
 And soothe with hope our misery.
 Refuge in grief, Star of the Sea,
 Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

31. Consolatrix Affictorum.

- 1 Like the voiceless starlight falling
 Through the darkness of the night ;
 Like the silent dewdrops forming
 In the cold moon's cloudless light ;
 So there come to hearts in sorrow,
 Mary's Angels dear and bright.
- 2 Like the scents of countless blossoms
 That are trembling in the air,
 Like the breath of gums that perfume
 Sandy deserts bleak and bare,
 Are our Lady's ceaseless answers
 To afflictions lowly prayer.
- 3 They are endless, they are countless,
 Like the leaves upon the trees ;
 They are healings sweetly hidden
 Like the fragrance in the breeze ;
 They are spirits to the drooping,
 Like the freshness from the seas.
- 4 For in Mary's ear all sorrow
 Singeth ever like a psalm :

Welcome, mother, are the tempests
 Which thou layest with thy calm ;
 Sweet the broken hearts thou healest
 With thine own heart's nameless balm.

**32. Hymn of St. Casimir to the
 Blessed Virgin Mary.**

- 1 Daily, daily, sing to Mary,
 Sing my soul, her praises due ;
 All her feasts, her actions worship,
 With the heart's devotion true.
 Lost in wondering contemplation,
 Be her majesty confest :
 Call her Mother, call her Virgin,
 Happy Mother, Virgin blest.
- 2 She is mighty to deliver ;
 Call her, trust her lovingly
 When the tempest rages round thee,
 She will calm the troubled sea.
 Gifts of Heaven she has given,
 Noble lady ! to our race :
 She the Queen, who decks her subjects
 With the light of God's own grace.
- 3 Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's trophies,
 Who for us her Maker bore ;
 For the curse of old inflicted,
 Peace and blessing to restore.

Sing in songs of praise unending,
 Sing the world's majestic Queen :
 Weary not nor faint in telling
 All the gifts she gives to men.

4 All my senses, heart, affections,
 Strive to sound her glory forth :
 Spread abroad the sweet memorials
 Of the Virgin's priceless worth.
 Where the voice of music thrilling,
 Where the tongue of eloquence,
 That can utter hymns beseeching
 All her matchless excellence ?

5 All our joys do flow from Mary,
 All then join her praise to sing :
 Trembling sing the Virgin Mother,
 Mother of our Lord and King.
 While we sing her awful glory,
 Far above our fancy's reach,
 Let our hearts be quick to offer
 Love the heart alone can teach.

Part 2.

6 Holy Mary, we implore thee,
 By thy purity divine ;
 Help us, bending here before thee,
 Help us truly to be thine.
 Thou, unfolding wide the portals
 Of the kingdom in the skies,
 Holy Virgin, hast to mortals
 Shown the land of Paradise.

7 Thou when deepest night infernal
 Had for ages shrouded man,
 Gavest us that light eternal
 Promised since the world began.
 God in thee hath showered plenty
 On the hungry and the weak ;
 Sending back the mighty empty,
 Setting up on high the meek.

8 Thine the province to deliver
 Souls that deep in bondage lie ;
 Thine to crush, and crush for ever,
 Life destroying heresy.
 Thine to show that earthly pleasures,
 All the world's enchanting bloom,
 Are outrivaled by the treasures
 Of the glorious life to come.

9 Teach, O teach us holy Mother,
 How to conquer every sin,
 How to love and help each other,
 How the prize of life to win.
 Thou to whom a child was given,
 Greater than the sons of men,
 Coming down from highest Heaven
 To create this world again.

10 O, by that Almighty Maker,
 Whom thyself a virgin bore :
 O, by thy supreme Creator,
 Linked with thee for evermore ;

By the hope thy name inspires,
 By our doom reversed through thee ;
 Help us, Queen of Angel choirs,
 Now and through eternity.

33 To our Blessed Lady.

- 1 Mary, kindest Mother,
 My joy and my delight,
 In every moment of my life
 I'll celebrate thy name so bright.
- 2 Mary, dearest Mother,
 Thy praise at dawn of day,
 Or when the sun his course hath run
 I'll sing in Love's most servid lay.
- 3 Mary, sweetest Mother,
 My comfort still in joy,
 Thou doth when pain and darkness lower
 Bring peace without alloy.
- 4 Mary, blessed Mother,
 When doubts distract my heart,
 Thou show'st my soul thy own sweet calm,
 And bid'st me claim a part.
- 5 Mary, guardian Mother,
 When Death's dark hour is come,
 Ope wide thy dear protecting arms
 And take the wanderer home.

6 Mary, angel Mother,
 The thought of thy blest name,
 Shall be my strength on earth, and plea
 My place in Heaven to claim.

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34. To our Blessed Lady.

FOR THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

1 O, TURN to Jesus, Mother, turn,
 And call Him by His tenderest names ;
 Pray for the holy souls that burn
 This hour amid the cleansing flames.

2 Ah ! they have fought a gallant fight ;
 In death's cold arms they persevered ;
 And after life's uncheery night
 The harbour of their rest is neared.

3 In pains beyond all earthly pains,
 Favourites of Jesus ! there they lie,
 Letting the fire wear out their stains,
 And worshipping God's purity.

4 They are the children of thy tears ;
 Then hasten, Mother ! to their aid,
 In pity think each hour appears
 An age while glory is delayed.

5 O, Mary ! let thy Son no more
 His lingering Spouses thus expect ;
 God's children to their God restore,
 And to the Spirit his elect.

6 Pray then, as thou hast ever prayed ;
 Angels and souls all look to thee ;
 God waits thy prayers, for he hath made
 Those prayers his law of charity.

35. Hymn to St. Joseph.

- 1 HAIL ! holy Joseph, hail !
 Husband of Mary, hail !
 Chaste as the lily flower
 In Eden's peaceful vale.
- 2 Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !
 Father of Christ esteemed !
 Father be thou to those
 Thy foster-son redeemed.
- 3 Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !
 Prince of the house of God,
 May his best graces be
 By thy sweet hands bestowed.
- 4 Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !
 Comrade of angels, hail !
 Cheer thou the hearts that faint,
 And guide the steps that fail.
- 5 Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !
 God's choice wert thou alone ;
 To thee the Word made flesh
 Was subject as a Son.

6 Hail ! holy Joseph, hail !
 Teach us our flesh to tame ;
 And Mary, keep the hearts
 That love thy husband's name.

6 Mother of Jesus ! bless,
 And bless, ye saints on high,
 All meek and simple souls
 That to Saint Joseph cry.

36. The Patronage of St. Joseph.

1 DEAR husband of Mary ! dear Nurse of her
 Child !

Life's ways are ful weary, the desert is wild ;
 Bleak sands are all round us, no home can we
 see ;

Sweet Spouse of our Lady ! we lean upon thee.

2 For thou to the pilgrim art Father and Guide,
 And Jesus and Mary felt safe by thy side ;
 Ah, blessed Saint Joseph ! how safe should I
 be,

Sweet Spouse of our Lady ! if thou wert with
 me !

3 O blessed Saint Joseph ! how great was thy
 worth,

The one chosen shadow of God upon earth ;
 The Father of Jesus, ah, then, wilt thou be,
 Sweet Spouse of our Lady ! a Father to me.

4 Thou hast not forgotten the long dreary road,
 When Mary took turns with thee, bearing thy
 God ;
 Yet light was that burden, none lighter could be,
 Sweet Spouse of our Lady ! O, canst thou
 bear me.

5 When the treasures of God were unsheltered
 on earth,
 Safe keeping was found for them both in thy
 worth ;
 O Father of Jesus ! be father to me,
 Sweet Spouse of our Lady ! and I will love
 thee.

6 God chose thee for Jesus and Mary, wilt thou
 Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now ?
 There is no Saint in Heaven I worship like
 thee :
 Sweet Spouse of our Lady ! O, deign to love
 me !

37. Feast of All Saints.

1 O CHRIST, thy guilty people spare !
 Lo, kneeling at thy gracious throne,
 Thy Virgin Mother pours her prayer,
 Imploring pardon for her own.

2 Ye angels, happy evermore !
 Who in your circles nine ascend,
 As ye have guarded us before,
 So still from harm our steps defend.

3 Ye Prophets, and Apostles high !
 Behold our penitential tears ;
 And plead for us when death is nigh,
 And our all-searching Judge appears.

4 Ye Martyrs all, a purple band ;
 And Confessors, a white-robed train ;
 O call us to our native land
 From this, our exile, back again !

5 And ye, O choir of Virgins chaste,
 Receive us to your seats on high ;
 With Hermits whom the desert waste
 Sent up of old into the sky.

6 Drive from the flock, O, Spirits blest,
 The false and faithless race away ;
 That all within one fold may rest,
 Secure beneath one Shepherd's sway.

38. The Guardian Angel.

1 DEAR Angel ! ever at my side,
 How loving must thou be,
 To leave thy home in heaven to guard
 A guilty wretch like me !

2 Thy beautiful and shining face
 I see not, though so near ;
 The sweetness of thy soft low voice
 I am too deaf to hear.

3 But I have felt thee in my thoughts
 Fighting with sin for me ;
 And when my heart loves God, I know
 The sweetness is from thee.

4 And when, dear Spirit ! I kneel down,
 Morning and night, to prayer,
 Something there is within my heart
 Which tells me thou art there.

5 Yes ! when I pray thou prayest too—
 Thy prayer is all for me ;
 But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
 But watchest patiently.

6 Then, for thy sake, dear Angel ! now
 More humble will I be :
 But I am weak ; and when I fall,
 O, weary not of me !

7 O, weary not, but love me still,
 For Mary's sake, thy Queen ;
 She never tired of me, though I
 Her worst of sons have been.

8 Then love me, love me, Angel dear !
 And I will love thee more ;
 And help me when my soul is cast
 Upon the eternal shore.

39. St. Peter and St. Paul.

- 1 It is no earthly summer's ray
That sheds this golden brightness round,
Crowning with heavenly light the day
The Princes of the Church were crowned.
- 2 The blessed Seer, to whom were given
The hearts of men to teach and school ;
And he that keeps the keys of heaven,
For those on earth that own his rule ;—
- 3 Fathers of mighty Rome ! whose word
Shall pass the doom of life or death,
By humble cross and bleeding sword
Well have they won their laurel wreath.
- 4 O happy Rome ! made holy now
By those two martyrs' glorious blood ;
Earth's best and fairest cities bow
By thy superior claims subdued !
- 5 For thou alone art worth them all,
City of Martyrs ! thou alone
Canst cheer our pilgrim hearts, and call
The Saviour's sheep to Peter's throne.
- 6 All honor, power, and praise be giv'n
To him who reigns in bliss on high ;
For endless, endless years in heaven,
One only God in Trinity.

40. St. John the Evangelist.

- 1 SAINT of the Sacred Heart
Sweet teacher of the Word,
Partner of Mary's woes,
And favorite of thy Lord !
- 2 Thou to whom grace was given
To stand when Peter fell ;
Whose heart could brook the Cross
Of Him it loved so well
- 3 We know not all thy gifts ;
But this Christ bids us see,
That He who so loved all
Found more to love in thee.
- 4 When the last evening came,
Thy head was on His breast,
Pillooned on earth, where now
In Heaven the saints find rest.
- 5 Dear Saint ! I stand far off,
With vilest sins oppressed ;
O, may I dare, like thee,
To lean upon His breast ?
- 6 His touch could heal the sick,
His voice could raise the dead ;
O, that my soul might be
Where He allows thy head ?

7 The gifts he gave to thee
 He gave thee to impart ;
 And I, too, claim with thee
 His Mother and His heart !

8 O, teach me, then, dear Saint !
 The secrets, Christ taught thee ;
 The beatings of His heart,
 And how it beat for me !

41. St. Mary Magdalene.

1 From the highest heights of glory,
 'Mid the sweets of endless calm,
 Mary's spirit in its rapture
 On the earth is dropping balm.
 On the bosom of the Saviour,
 Like a flower of stainless white,
 Lies the trophy of His mercy,
 In a blaze of heavenly light.

2 Pardon'd sinner ! wondrous Convert !
 Was there ever home like thine ?
 Midst the splendours of the angels
 How thy fervent graces shine !
 And yet thou too once wert wandering,
 Once wert soiled with darkest stains,
 Who art now the fairest blossom
 In the land where Jesus reigns.

3 For thou fleddest to thy Saviour,
 And thine eyes were fixed on his,

While thy guilty lips were printing
 On His feet full many a kiss ?
 And then, wonder of compassion !
 In one moment thou wert free,
 And a gift of love unequalled
 From his heart came into thee.

4 Blessed swiftness of a pardon
 Which thy guilt could not delay !
 Happy penance of a moment
 Burning life-long sins away !
 O those gentle eyes of Jesus,
 O those tender words He said !
 O the value that He places
 On the tears that sinners shed !

5 Ah ! the sweetness of thine ointment
 All the earth is filling now ;
 And thy tears are turned to jewels
 For a crown upon thy brow ;
 There are thousands in all ages
 Come to Christ because of thee :
 O, then, Mary, with thy converts
 In thy kindness number me !

42.

Saint Martha.

1 O dear Saint Martha ! busy Saint !
 By love's keen fervours ever press'd !
 O, get us fervour not to faint
 Until we reach our heavenly rest.

2 We too, like thee, since we have known
 How sweet our blessed Lord could be,
 Mourn o'er the years too quickly flown,
 And fain would hurry on like thee.

3 Christ looked with love into thy face ;
 His looks were spurs to spur thee on ;
 How swiftly didst thou run thy race,
 How gloriously thy race was won !

4 Saint of our choice ! our Saviour's eyes
 With tenderness beam on us now ;
 For thy sake He will stoop to prize
 The love our lowness can bestow.

5 O Martha ! make our hearts like thine,—
 Always on fire, always in haste,
 And yet like peaceful stars to shine
 Untroubled o'er life's weary waste.

6 O dearest Jesus ! in our need
 Give us our Mother's burning heart :
 They who on earth have Martha's speed,
 In heaven shall meet with Mary's part.

43. Hymn to St. Patrick.

1 HAIL glorious St. Patrick, dear son of our isle
 On us, thy poor children, bestow a sweet smile ;
 And now thou art high in thy mansions above,
 On Erin's green valleys look down in thy love.

2 Hail, glorious St. Patrick ! thy words were once strong

Against Satan's wiles and a heretic throng ;
Not less is thy might where in heaven thou art,
O come to our aid,—in our battle take part.

3 In the war against sin, in the fight for the faith,
Dear Saint, may thy children resist unto death ;
May their strength be in meekness, in penance, in
prayer ;

Their banner, the cross, which they glory to bear.

4 Thy people, now exiles on many a shore,
Shall love and revere thee till time be no more ;
And the fire thou hast kindled shall ever burn
bright,

Its warmth undiminished, undying its light.

5 Ever bless and defend us in this weary life,
As we labour and toil amid hardships and strife ;
And our hearts shall yet burn wherever we roam,
For God and St. Patrick, and our native home.

44. Hymn of the Seven Blessed Founders.

No. 1.

These 13 Hymns to the Servite Saints, are the exclusive
property (Words and Music) of the Servite Fathers.

1 Let hymns of joyful mirth resound,
That noble band to praise and bless ;
Destined by the Virgin Queen
To fill the land with holiness.

Despising this world's fleeting joys,
 They climb Senario's rugged steep ;
 And incenselike, their prayers ascend,
 While there in solitude they weep.

2 With robes of black the heavenly Queen
 Herself invests the illustrious seven ;
 Ordained to share her woe in Him
 Who for our sakes came down from heaven.
 The Virgin Mother thus proclaims
 This chosen band her servants true ;
 Immortal glory on them waits,
 The founders of an Order new.

3 Preaching ever, musing o'er
 The death of Jesus crucified,
 The sword that pierced his mother's heart,
 By Simeon truly prophesied.
 With fervent prayer we beg Thee Lord.
 Make known to us the path they trod ;
 That humbly following in their steps,
 We there may come to Thee, our God.

45. Hymn of the Seven Blessed Founders.

No. 2.

1 Oh ! seven bright stars of ray serene,
 Rising in Tuscany's fair clime ;
 Destined by the heavenly queen
 'To shine undimm'd through age and time.

2 Servants of Mary ! sweetly spake
 By infant sucklings at the breast,
 They hear the call, the world forsake,
 And climb Senario's pine-girt crest.

3 In mourning garb of sablest hue,
 They are enrolled by Mary's hand ;
 That they may weep with sorrow true,
 Her grief and pain throughout the land.

4 The Virgin Queen this to be true
 To Peter Martyr first proclaimed ;
 Enjoining that an Order new,
 Should be by her own Servites named.

5 For those brave followers of our Lord,
 Who truly mourn His mother's woe ;
 Who worship, preach, and spread his word,
 While for His pangs their tears o'erflow.

6 Oh ! valiant leaders of the band,
 Obtain for us the Sov'reign grace ;
 To burn with zeal for Mary's love,
 And follow nobly in the race.

7 And may the glorious Trinity,
 With holy courage us inspire ;
 Our blessed founders' path to tread,
 And glow with their celestial fire.

46. Hymn of the Seven Blessed Founders.

No. 3.

- 1 Blest by Mary's bright protection,
Seven holy Saints arise ;
Divinely called to follow where
Senario towers to the skies ;
Amid the depths of winter's snow,
A vine its leafy branches spread,
While ting'd as with soft summer's glow,
The clust'ring grapes blush rosy red.
- 2 The glorious fruits of love and zeal,
Their order spread o'er every land,
This wondrous vision did reveal,
To cheer and sooth the noble band.
Oh ! happy saints ! the path of death,
To you is but a bright release
From pain and suffering here below,
To joys in heaven that never cease.
- 3 Oh! from those realms of bliss on high,
Behold us wand'ring here below ;
Assuage each care, relieve each sigh,
Send Mary's balm for every woe.
Oh ! teach and help us, holy saints,
Each rising passion to repress ;
That gaining Heaven like you, we may
Our Father's love for ever bless.

**47. The Vision of the Seven
Blessed Founders.**

No. 1.

1 On Mount Senario's rugged steep,
 The Holy Founders seven,
 In silent prayer the Vigil keep,
 Of Mary, Queen of Heaven.
 A sudden stream of glorious light,
 Like golden sun-lit skies ;
 Breaks on the darkness of the night,
 And shows them Paradise.

2 For in that glory Mary stands,
 Before their wond'ring gaze ;
 Not borne aloft midst Angel bands,
 With triumph, joy and praise :
 Her mantle is of saddest hue,
 With tears, her kind eyes stream ;
 And in her heart, exposed to view,
 The swords of sorrow gleam.

3 Ah ! see the signs the angels bear,
 Of Jesu's passion dread ;
 The nails, the cross, the cruel spear,
 The thorns that crowned his head.
 The reed, the torch, the robe of scorn,
 The scourge :—all that reveal
 The bitter pains her son has borne,
 Our guilty souls to heal.

4 She speaks in accents soft and low,
 They hear their mother's voice ;
 She bids them wear her garb of woe,
 And in the Cross rejoice :
 Where'er they go, to bear a part,
 In her deep agony ;
 And preach the sorrows of her heart,
 O'er distant land and sea.

5 In Charity's sweet laws of love,
 Hard hearts to teach and school ;
 To live like angels from above,
 By Saint Augustine's rule.
 They listen to her gracious word,
 These Seven Founders blest ;
 They serve the hand-maid of the Lord,
 Obeying her behest.

6 Oh ! Sainted Founders, blest of Heaven,
 To Father and to Son,
 To Holy Ghost be glory given,
 Through endless ages one.
 Dear Saints, to God present our prayer ;
 The Lord whom we entreat,
 To make us fit at last, to share
 Your place at Mary's feet.

48 The Vision of the Seven Blessed Founders.

No. 2.

- 1 It is the night, the fearful night,
Which saw the World's Creator slain ;
When 'neath the cross, on Calvary's height,
Our Lady wept in grief and pain.
Absorbed in prayer, in fervent prayer,
Our blessed founders lowly knelt ;
They thought on all the Saviour bore,
And mused on all his mother felt.
- 2 But now, what means their awe-struck glance,
What sounds are breaking on their ears ;
Oh ! see what 'tis their souls entrance,
The Queen of Heaven on high appears.
A glitt'ring band surrounds her now,
Her robe is black as darkest night ;
A crown of glory's on her brow,
Her face is full of heavenly light.
- 3 No palms or harps of melody,
Those gentle angel hands now hold ;
But the tools of the blessed passion
More precious far than ruddy gold.
And Saint Augustine's blessed rule,
And habits formed of sablest hue ;
With which our Lady now invests,
These seven blest saints her servants true.

4 She charges them to spread afar,
 The mem'ry of her dear Son's woes,
 The mem'ry of her dolours sad,
 She blesses them and smiles and goes.
 That trust our Lady gave to them,
 In turn they gave to other saints,
 The mission spreads, at home, abroad,
 Their zealous courage never faints.

5 And we who live in after years,
 Are taught by their descendants now ;
 Of those to whom our Lady spake,
 And blessed on mount Senario's brow.
 Oh ! may our Lord and Lady come,
 And with them those dear fathers seven ;
 To help us at the last dread hour,
 And bear our souls with them to heaven.

49 Hymn to all the Saints of the Order.

1 We praise our order's heavenly saints
 With songs and hymns of pious mirth ;
 Who spread abroad with ardent zeal,
 Our lady's name throughout the earth.
 We pray that they would intercede
 With Him who reigns in heaven above ;
 To help us in our hour of need
 And fill our hearts with fervent love.]

2 O, blessed Saints ! your fruitful prayers
 That to our Lord and Lady rise ;
 Will gain the pardon of our sins,
 And ope the gates of Paradise.
 Obtain for us we humbly pray
 Our sins to mourn with contrite heart ;
 And in our Mother Mary's pain
 And Jesu's woe to bear a part.

3 Dear Saints ! obtain for us the grace
 Which won for you a rich reward ;
 To run with zeal the heavenly race,
 And live and die in Christ our Lord.
 Thrice blessed Saints ! who while on earth,
 A life of bitter penance led ;
 And now in God's own blissful courts,
 Art with Celestial rapture fed !

50 Hymn on Mount Senario*

1 Senario ! sacred home of love
 Where savage monsters once did dwell,—
 Now bright with radiance from above,
 Let hymns of praise thy glory tell.
 The lofty fir trees that enclose
 Thy steeps within their leafy belt,
 Thy shady vales and dewy groves
 Make God's own impress plainly felt.

* A Mountain in Italy, near Florence, the cradle of the Servite order which was founded there.

2 The stormy winds with furious roar
 In vain assail thy calm retreat ;
 Upon thy peaceful summits hoar,
 No angry torrents ever beat.
 And thus it is the heart hath heights
 Whereon God's spirit loves to dwell :
 Hearts that exchange the world's delights
 For joys whose depths no tongue can tell.

3 The clinging boughs, the rustling leaves
 That whisper in the breezy air,
 From stormy passions beg reprieve
 And woo our souls to peace and prayer.
 O happy steeps, O blissful caves,
 Who wond'rous miracles have seen ;
 How oft the flash from Mary's face
 On yours too hath reflected been !

4 How oft hath her celestial voice
 Been sweetly echoed all around !
 While tears of joy our father's shed
 Pure as the dew drops on thy ground.
 O blessed Founders ! Philip, dear,
 Obtain for us divinest grace
 To serve our Lord and Lady here
 And win with joy the Heavenly race.

**51. Hymn to our Holy Father,
St. Philip Benizi.**

No. 1.

- 1 Saint Philip ! how bright is thy glorious state,
How splendid thy throne, ah ! thy bliss is above,
The hope of those years thou didst wearily wait,
An exile from Jesus in languishing love.
The vision was glorious which dazzled thy gaze,
From youth's harmless gaieties called thee away ;
But brighter the flood of celestial rays,
That welcomed thy soul to eternity's day.
- 2 When Mary appeared in that bright golden car,
Which a meek lamb and lion so peacefully drew,
She showed by this sign that her champion in war,
In meekness and courage should prove himself true.
Thy life has explained that mysterious sign,
All wrongs done to thee thou wert willing to bear,
But foes of the church, they alone foes of thine,
Must yield them to her, and then ask thee to spare.
- 3 Great Servite of Mary, most wondrously blest,⁵⁵
By vision and ecstasy whilst yet on earth ;
What joys hast thou found in the land of thy rest,
O favored of God from the hour of thy birth ?
Unspeakable joys are in ecstasy's prayers,
But can they compare with the soul thrilling bliss
Of the vision of God ? the apostle declares,
We cannot conceive of such glory as this.

4 For thy habit of serge, thou hast robes white as snow,
 In brightness surpassing the sun's purest beams,
 Thy golden crown sheds its soft light on thy brow,
 And shines like a star o'er the heavenly streams.
 To serve God's own poor thou didst scorn wealth
 and birth,
 And therefore his angels on wings of desire,
 Descended to greet thee an angel from earth,
 And bear thee away 'midst the songs of their choir.

5 O help us to join the celestial throng,
 To echo on earth those angelical lays,
 Our weak human voices will swell their sweet song,
 Their sanctus we take for our burden of praise,
 Saint Philip Benizi, among the blest seven
 Who made thee the captain of Mary's own band,
 Our guide and our Father, assist us from heaven,
 To bring back to Jesus the hearts of this land.

52. Hymn to Our Holy Father
 St. Philip Benizi.

No. 2.

1 O Philip, thy sweet infant voice
 Gave Mary's Servites their blest name ;
 They won thee in thy mother's arms,
 Ah ! let them still thy favor claim.

Like Philip in old Palestine,
 Thou too a chariot didst behold,
 It shewed thee Mount Senario's road,
 It led thee to the Servite fold.

2 The glory of the Servite name,
 To thee, great Saint, is chiefly due ;
 Wide spread, like those celestial fires
 With which thou didst the earth renew,
 Thou couldst refuse all dignities,
 And shun the charge of Peter's keys ;
 But couldst not hide thy miracles,
 Nor bid the gushing water cease.

3 O, faithful Servites, persevere
 In Mary's service with your Saint ;
 Sublime rewards are kept in heav'n
 For those who do not flag or faint.
 Vouchsafe, most holy Trinity,
 To hear the lowly Servite prayer,
 That we at last in heav'n may have
 In Philip's bliss a humble share.

**53 Hymn to Our Holy Father
 St. Philip Benizi.**

No. 3.

1 SWEET Saint ! who with thy infant voice,
 The little Servite band didst name ;
 That band of which in after years,
 Thou wert the glory and the fame.
 Dear St. Philip ! hear our cry ;
 Help us, and at our death be nigh.

2 Thou who from rocks' hard stony ground,
 Poured'st water on the earth's green face,
 Our hard hearts soften with thy love,
 And fill them full of heavenly grace.

O dear St. Philip, hear our cry,
 Help us, and at our death be nigh.

3 Thou at whose mass the angel choirs
 Most sweetly sang in reverent awe ;
 O teach us how to love our God,
 And all His mercies to adore.

O dear St. Philip, hear our cry,
 Help us, and at our death be nigh.

4 Pray for us to that Mother dear,
 Whose favoured child thou wert from youth ;
 And teach us all thy maxims sweet,
 That we may be thy sons in truth.

O sweet St. Philip, hear our cry,
 Help us, and at our death be nigh.

5 Flower of purity and love !
 How greatly do we long to see
 Thy joy above ; oh ! may we soon
 Be there eternally with thee.

O sweet St. Philip, hear our cry,
 Help us, and at our death be nigh.

54

Hymn to St. Pellegrino.

1 **W**HAT virtues must adorn the Saint
 On whose brow a wondrous light
 Is seen to hover as he seeks
 The Servites on Senario's height.
 Beneath the Cross he meditates
 The wounds of Jesus and the grief
 Of Mary ; till his aching heart
 In tears and sighs finds sweet relief.

2 **W**ith gospel tidings forth he speeds,
 And crowds yield to his plaintive word ;
 The brigand bands renounce their life,
 To gain the heav'n of which they heard.
 The pains of poverty and want
 His heart is prompt to understand ;
 The bread of pitying charity,
 Is multiplied within his hand.

3 **B**ut for his share he bravely takes
 The bread of sorrow during life ;
 With toil and pain and ceaseless fasts
 His spirit 'gainst the flesh makes strife,
 And when at length his strength gives way,
 Christ crucified puts forth his hand !
 That wounded hand heals all his wounds,
 And gives him health and power to stand.

**55. Hymn to St. Juliana
Falconieri.**

No. 1.

- 1 O FAIR young saint, forsaking
The world with all its pride,
And holy vows soon taking
To be your Saviour's bride,
Mother of virgins pure,
You mourned the grief he felt,
For sins that nail'd him to the cross,
As at his feet you knelt,
- 2 With seven-fold sorrow weeping,
Thy tender heart o'erflows
Close to God's Mother keeping,
And sharing all her woes,
When death's dread hour drew near,
The God thou so didst love,
Thine ardent soul to cheer
Descended from above.
- 3 The blessed Eucharist
Is placed upon thy breast,
Thy own sweet Jesus comes
And takes thee to his rest.
To God the Father, Son
And Spirit we adore,
Be endless glory paid,
Till time shall be no more.

**58 Hymn to Saint Juliana
Falconieri**
No. 2.

1 How glad was the Mother to whom thou wast
given,
Dear Saint, on the day of thy birth ;
When living Saints called thee an angel from
heaven,
Like Raphael, to visit the earth.
The gardens of Florence with perfumes were
laden,
The Saint with her lilies had fed ;
'Twas then thou didst merit fair flower, fair
maiden,
Thy place in the wreath for His head.

2 The orange, the olive and vine here are
strangers,
Yet come with their fragrance and bloom ;
And meek Passion flowers brave hardships
and dangers,
To twine themselves round the Lord's tomb.
And whilst that pale flower is silently weaving
Her garlands and wreaths through the land ;
We Sisters of Sorrow live tranquilly grieving,
Then join, gentle sister, our band.

3 From kindred and home for the Mother of
Sorrow,
Like Ruth thou didst exile thy heart ;

The day of thy grief was to have no to-morrow
 To take from thee thy better part.
 With thee we want ever to live and to suffer,
 A life of compassion to lead ;
 But to dwell in a land that is colder and
 rougher
 Than thine rich in all that we need.

4 O thou who would'st never behold human
 features,
 Nor forfeit the vision within ;
 Thy presence of God ; thy detachment from
 creatures
 Shall shield us in conflicts with sin.
 The sword that pierc'd Mary hath made a fair
 portal,
 Like that in her Son's sacred heart,
 Why stay, Juliana, thy sweet wound is mortal,
 Can love give a yet keener smart ?

5 Ah ! yes, thy sweet spouse hath from heaven
 descended
 With love that can wound like the lance ;
 The sword and the lance in this last pain are
 blended,
 Death breaks not the exquisite trance.
 The flower of the field by strange mystical favor
 Vouchsafed on her bosom to rest ;
 And a lily of earth in the hand of the Saviour,
 Now blooms on his virginal breast.

57 Death of Saint Juliana Falconieri.

1 On her low bed the bride of Jesus lay,
 Sweet was the eve of that Italian day;
 She was so weak she scarce had strength to
 pray,
 Scarce could she lift her longing eyes on high
 Ah! Virgin heart! with heavenly love on fire!
 Breaking with one unsatisfied desire;
 Should the Bride go without the Bridegroom's
 kiss,
 This were Death's sting, it's worse than
 bitterness.

2 Let me but see Him! very dark and drear,
 Is Death without him; Father bring him near:
 Again, her eyes in adoration, rest
 On the veiled glory of the Heavenly guest.
 And now she breathes a still more bold request
 And the priest trembles while he grants her
 prayer;
 Upon her heart, the Lord of Glory lay;
 O! Surely now she can no longer stay.

3 See! an unearthly loveliness and grace,
 Beam like a vision in her altered face;
 Now, sweetest Jesus, call thy Bride away,
 Bend down thine ear and hear her fondly
 pray.

That prayer is answered— Love's undying
flame

Flashed brightly out to meet him as he came ;
The Host was stampt upon that Virgin breast,
Her spouse went with her to her home of rest.

Hymn to

58 **Blessed Alessio Falconieri**

- 1 Oh blest Alessio, holy saint
Of Tuscany, resplendent star ;
What hymns can e'er thy virtues paint,
Or spread thy fame and glory far ?
- 2 Uniting in a holy band,
Thou didst promote with ardent zeal
Our Lady's love throughout the land,
And strive Sin's deadliest wounds to heal.
- 3 When Death approached, in upturned gaze,
Thy loving eyes, with joy beheld ;
Joy, mixed with rapture and amaze,
The crown the infant Saviour held.
- 4 Those precious virtues, that in life
In thee, sweet saint, so brightly shone ;
Proclaim thee conqueror in the strife,
And place thee high, on glory's throne.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
The Lord, whom Heaven and Earth adore,
Be endless glory ever paid,
Till space and time shall be no more.

59

69 **An Evening Hymn.**

1 SWEET Saviour ! bless us ere we go ;
 Thy word into our minds instil ;
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus ! be our light !

2 The day is done, its hours have run ;
 And thou hast taken count of all.—
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall,
 Through life's long day, &c.,

3 Grant us, dear Lord ! from evil ways
 True absolution and release ;
 And bless us more than in past days
 With purity and inward peace.
 Through life's long day, &c.

4 Sweet Saviour ! bless us ; night is come,
 Mary and Philip near us be ;
 Good Angels watch about our home ;
 And we are one day nearer Thee !
 Through life's long day, &c.

60

Communion

1 O happy Flowers ! O happy Flowers !
 How quietly for hours and hours,
 In dead of night, in cheerful day,
 Close to my own dear Lord you stay.
 Until you gently fade away !

O happy Flowers, what would I give
 In your sweet place all day to live,
 And then to die, my service o'er,
 Softly as you do, at His door !

2 O happy lights ! O happy lights !
 Watching my Jesus livelong nights,
 How close you cluster round His throne,
 Dying so meekly one by one !
 As each its faithful watch has done !
 Could I with you but take my turn,
 And burn with love of Him, and burn
 Till love had wasted me like you—
 Sweet lights ! what better could I do ?

3 O happy Pyx ! O happy Pyx !
 Where Jesus doth His dwelling fix ;
 O little palace, dear and bright,
 Where he, who is the world's true light,
 Spends all the day, and stays all night !
 Ah ! if my heart could only be
 A little home for Him like thee,
 Such fires my happy soul would move,
 I could not help but die of love !

4 O Pyx, and Lights, and Flowers ; but I
 Through envy of you will not die ;
 Nay, happy things ! what will you do,
 For I am better off than you,
 The whole day long, the whole night through !

For Jesus gives Himself to me,
 So sweetly and so utterly,
 By rights long since I should have died
 For love of Jesus crucified.

61 Thanksgiving after Communion.

- 1 Jesus, gentlest Saviour !
 God of might and power !
 Thou thyself art dwelling
 In us at this hour.
- 2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
 Heaven is all too strait
 For thine endless glory
 And thy royal state.
- 3 Out beyond the shining
 Of the furthest star,
 Thou art ever stretching
 Infinitely far.
- 4 Yet the hearts of children
 Hold what worlds cannot,
 And the God of wonders
 Loves the lowly spot.
- 5 As men to their gardens
 Go to seek sweet flowers,
 In our hearts dear Jesus
 Seeks them at all hours.

6 Jesus, gentlest Saviour !
 Thou art in us now ;
 Fill us full of goodness
 Till our hearts o'erflow.

7 Pray the prayer within us
 That to heaven shall rise ;
 Sing the song that angels
 Sing above the skies.

8 Multiply our graces,
 Chiefly love and fear,
 And, dear Lord ! the chiefest—
 Grace to persevere.

9 O, how can we thank Thee
 For a gift like this—
 Gift that truly maketh
 Heaven's eternal bliss !

10 Ah ! when wilt thou always
 Make our hearts thy home ?
 We must wait for heaven,—
 Then the day will come.

11 Now at least we'll keep Thee
 All the time we may—
 But thy grace and blessing
 We will keep alway.

12 When our hearts thou leavest,
 Worthless though they be,
 Give them to thy Mother,
 To be kept for Thee.

62 **Faith of our Fathers.**

1 FAITH of our Fathers ! living still,
 In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword ;
 O, how our hearts beat high with joy
 Whene'er we hear that glorious word :
 Faith of our Fathers ! holy Faith !
 We will be true to thee till death !

2 Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,
 Were still in heart and conscience free :
 How sweet would be their children's fate,
 If they, like them, could die for thee !
 Faith of our Fathers, &c.

4 Faith of our Fathers ! Mary's prayers
 Shall win our country back to thee ;
 And through the truth that comes from God,
 England shall then indeed be free.
 Faith of our Fathers, &c.

4 Faith of our Fathers ! we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife :
 And preach thee too, as love knows how,
 By kindly words and virtuous life.
 Faith of our Fathers, &c.

63 **School Hymn.**

1 O Jesus ! God and Man !
 For love of children once a child !
 O Jesus ! God and Man !
 We hail thee Saviour sweet and mild,

2 O Jesus ! God and Man !
 Make us poor children dear to thee,
 And lead us to thyself,
 To love thee for eternity.

3 O Mary ! mother-maid !
 God made thee mother of the poor !
 Mary ! to thee we look,
 To make our soul's salvation sure.

4 O Mary ! mother dear !
 'Thank God, for us, for all his love ;
 And pray that in our faith
 We all may true and steadfast prove.

5 O Jesus ! Mary's Son !
 On thee for grace we children call ;
 Make us all men to love,
 But to love Thee beyond them all.

6 O Jesus ! bless our work,
 Our sorrows soothe, our sins forgive ;
 O, happy, happy they
 Who in the Church of Jesus live !

7 O God, most great and good,
 At work or play, by night or day,
 Make us remember thee,
 Who dost remember us alway !

64 The Christian's Song on his March to Heaven.

1 BLEST is the Faith, divine and strong,
Of thanks and praise an endless fountain,
Whose life is one perpetual song,
High up the Saviour's holy mountain.

O Sion's songs are sweet to sing,
With melodies of gladness laden ;
Hark ! how the harps of angels ring,
Hail, Son of Man ! Hail, mother-maiden !

2 Blest is the hope that holds to God,
In doubt and darkness still unshaken,
And sings along the heavenly road
Sweetest when most it seems forsaken.

O, Sion's songs, &c.

3 Blest is the love that cannot love
Aught that earth gives of best and brightest ;
Whose raptures thrill, like saints' above,
Most when its earthly gifts are lightest.

O, Sion's songs, &c

4 Blest is the time that in the eye
Of God its hopeful watch is keeping,
And grows into eternity,
Like noiseless trees when men are sleeping,

O, Sion's songs, &c.

5 Blest is the death that good men die,
 Solemn, self-doubting, firm, and wary ;
 Trusting to God its destiny.
 And leaning for its hour on Mary.
 O, Sion's songs, &c.

65 Fight for Sion.

1 CHRISTIANS ! to the war !
 Gather from afar !
 Hark ! hark ! the word is given ;
 Jesus bids us fight
 " For God and the Right,"
 And for Mary, the Queen of Heaven !
 Now first for thee, thou wicked world !
 Puffed up with godless pomp and pageant,
 Avenging grace to humble thee
 Can make the weakest arm its agent.
 Christians ! to the war !
 Gather from afar !
 Hark ! hark ! the word is given ;
 Jesus bids us fight
 " For God and the Right,"
 And for Mary, the Queen of heaven.

2 And thou, dark fiend, six thousand years
 The bride of Christ in vain tormenting,
 Shalt find our hate and scorn of thee
 Deep as thine own, and unrelenting.
 Christians ! to the war, &c.

3 Ah! Self! so oft forgiven, thou
 Canst play no part but that of traitor :
 We spare thy life ; but thou must bear
 The felon's brånd, the captive's fetter.
 Christians ! to the war, &c.

4 Like lions roaring for their prey,
 Armies of foes are round us trooping ;
 What then ? see ! countless angels come
 To heal the hurt, to raise the drooping.
 Christians ! to the war, &c.

5 On to the gates of Sion, on !
 Break through the foe with fresh endeavour ;
 We'll hang our colours up in heaven,
 When peace shall be proclaimed for ever.
 Christians ! to the war, &c.

68 The Memory of the Dead.

1 O, it is sweet to think
 Of those that are departed,
 While murmured Aves sink
 To silence tender-hearted ;
 While tears that have no pain
 Are tranquilly distilling,
 And the dead live again
 In hearts that love is filling.

2 Yet not as in the days
 Of earthly ties we love them ;
 For they are touched with rays
 From light that is above them :
 Another sweetness shines
 Around their well-known features ;
 God with His glory signs
 His dearly ransomed creatures.

3 Ah ! they are more our own,
 Since now they are God's only !
 And each one that has gone
 Has left our heart less lonely.
 He mourns not seasons fled,
 Who now in Him possesses
 Treasures of many dead
 In their dear Lord's caresses.

4 Dear dead ! they have become
 Like guardian angels to us ;
 And distant heaven like home,
 Through them begins to woo us.
 Love that was earthly wings
 Its flight to holier places ;
 The dead are sacred things
 That multiply our graces.

5 O dearest dead ! to heaven
 With grudging sighs we gave you,
 To Him—be doubts forgiven !—
 Who took you there to save you :
 Now get us grace to love
 Your memories yet more kindly ;
 Pine for our homes above,
 And trust to God more blindly.

67 The Pilgrims of the Night.

1 Hark! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore!

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Angels of Jesus!

Angels of light!

Singing to welcome

The pilgrims of the night.

2 Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,

And, like benighted men, we miss our mark;
God hides himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,

Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Angels of Jesus! &c.

3 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing!

Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come,
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,

The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Angels of Jesus! &c.

4 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,

The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,

And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd ! turn their weary steps to
Thee.

Angels of Jesus ! &c.

5 Rest comes at length ; though life be long and
dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be
past ?

All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come
at last.

Angels of Jesus ! &c.

6 Angels ! sing on, your faithful watches keep-
ing,

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with
weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless
love.

Angels of Jesus ! &c.

Paradise.

1 O PARADISE ! O Paradise !
Who doth not crave for rest ?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest ?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight ?

2 O Paradise ! O Paradise !

The world is growing old ;

Who would not be at rest and free

Where love is never cold ?

Where loyal hearts &c.

3 O Paradise ! O Paradise !

Wherfore doth death delay ?—

Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day.

Where loyal hearts, &c.

4 O Paradise ! O Paradise !

'Tis weary waiting here ;

I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see' Him near.

Where loyal hearts, &c.

5 O Paradise ! O Paradise !

I want to sin no more ;

I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.

Where loyal hearts, &c.

6 O Paradise ! O Paradise !

I greatly long to see

The special place my dearest Lord
Is furnishing for me.

Where loyal hearts, &c.

7 O Paradise ! O Paradise !

I feel 'twill not be long :

Patience ! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song,

Where loyal hearts, &c.

- 1 O what is this splendour that beams on me now,
This beautiful sunrise that dawns on my soul ?
While faint and far off land and sea lie below,
And under my feet the huge golden clouds roll.
- 2 To what mighty king doth this city belong,
With its rich jewelled shrines and its gardens
of flowers,
With its breaths of sweet incense, its measures
of song,
And the light that is gilding its numberless
towers ?
- 3 See ! forth from the gates, like a bridal array,
Come the princes of heaven—how bravely they
shine !
'Tis to welcome the stranger, to show me the
way,
And to tell me that all I see round me is mine.
- 4 There are millions of saints, in their ranks and
degrees,
And each with a beauty and crown of his own ;
And there, far outnumbering the sands of the
seas,
The nine rings of angels encircle the throne.
- 5 And far in the heart of that glorious light
The mighty Apostles are seated in state.
With Joseph and John, who in life's mortal
night
Were appointed on Jesus and Mary to wait.

6 And, still deeper in, Mary's splendour is seen,
 Her beautiful self and her choice starry crown ;
 And all Heaven grows bright in the smile of
 its Queen,
 For the glory of Jesus illumines her throne.

7 And, O, if the exiles of earth could but win
 One sight of the beauty of Jesus above,
 From that hour they would cease to be able to
 sin,
 And earth would be heaven ; for heaven is love.

70 Onwards to Sion.*

1 ONWARDS to Sion, on, my soul,
 Break through the clouds of grief and sin,
 Stay not to weep, stay not to smile,
 But haste thy heavenly crown to win.

2 On Sion's glorious golden shore,
 Myriads of happy souls there be,
 Who oft had constant conflict here,
 And oft were sore cast down like thee.

3 Then how did they bear weary care,
 How break from earth and swiftly fly,
 Far from this sad, dull, dreary world,
 And soar above yon purple sky.

4 They cared not for the world's false pomp ;
 In its vain joys they had no part ;
 To Jesus all their wants they brought,
 And laid them safe within His heart,

5 And he who heeds the feeblest call
 Sent them sweet grace through Mary's hand,
 That they might triumph over all,
 And come to Him in that blest land.

6 Then when the Sun is rising fair,
 Or darkness fades in rosy light,
 Or when the deep'ning beams of day
 Denote the softly coming night;

7 Alike in joy, in grief or pain,
 Let all our love and hope be given,
 To that blest time when freed from care,
 We shall rejoice with Christ in Heaven.

71

Adeste Fideles

1 ADESTE fideles,
 Læti triumphantes ;
 Venite, venite in Bethlehem :
 Natum videte
 Regem angelorum :
 Venite adoremus,
 Venite adoremus,
 Venite adoremus Dominum.

2 Deum de Deo,
 Lumen de lumine,
 Gestant pueræ viscera :
 Deum verum.
 Genitum, non factum :
 Venite adoremus, &c.

3 Cantet nunc Io !
 Chorus angelorum :
 Cantet nunc aula cœlestium,
 Gloria
 In excelsis Deo !
 Venite adoremus, &c.

4 Ergo qui natus
 Die hodierna,
 Jesu tibi sit gloria,
 Patris æterni
 Verbum caro factum !
 Venite adoremus, &c,

72 Jesu Salvator Mundi

JESU ; Salvator mundi, exaudi preces supplicium.

Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei ; quia manus Domini tetigit me.

Cantors. Noctem verterunt in diem, et rursum post tenebras spero lucem.

Jesu, Salvator, &c.

Cantors. Pelli meæ, consumptis carnibus, adhæsit os meum.

Miserimini, &c.

Cantors. Quare persequimini me sicut Deus, et carnibus meis saturamini ?

Jesu, Salvator, &c.

Cantors. Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Miseremini, &c.



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